

Of Loves Lost

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Category: Final Fantasy I-VI

Genre: Drama

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2000-01-31 09:00:00

Updated: 2000-01-31 09:00:00

Packaged: 2016-04-27 12:50:16

Rating: K

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,205

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Celes and Locke remember their significant others from the past

Of Loves Lost

Of Loves Lost A Final Fantasy VI (III in the U.S.) fanfic

Author's note: I'll admit, I haven't gotten enough of the cast of Final Fantasy 3 (well, most of them) and decided to make this up. Yes, Celes and Locke are my favorite characters but they've got such interesting backgrounds. Sorry, on with the show. P.S. This is my first fanfic, so be kind Also, none of these characters belong to me but to Squaresoft and such. I just tug their emotions 'round aimlessly ?.

Amazingly, the sun poked it head into the front window of Figaro Castle. As it happened, that was the window of Celes Chere. She stretched her arms lazily and blocked her eyes from the blinding light that coursed over her floor. Sitting up, her blonde hair fluttered over one eye and she drew it away whimsically. Her pale face was red, possibly from rubbing against the harsh down pillow. She laughed, as she couldn't help but wonder how many Chocobos had been plucked for her pillow to be made. She had to look around her to recollect her surroundings. How had she ended up here?

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It had been only a month after the war with Kefka.

Ugh, that name still packed needles every time it was mentioned to Celes.

Locke had been asked by Edgar and Sabin to stay at Figaro Castle. He had accepted gratefully and had asked Celes to go, too.

How much I had loved him back then, she thought.

She had no place else to go. Vector was in ruins, along with most of the world. The Empire was gone.

Along with General Leo

She had accepted it as a sign of coming back together. After moving into the large place, though, she soon discovered the true sides to everyone.

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The best thing about being in the castle was being with Locke. She had so many problems in the past, what with her brushes with the Empire. Almost on cue, the door swung open a little, creaking on its metal hinges.

"Celes? Are you awake?" The voice made Celes smile. A head peered into the door and swung around to the bed. The soft but stern voice was property of Locke Cole. He smiled nonchalantly at the already smiling Celes and slipped into the room, shutting the door behind him. His icy blue eyes jabbed into her, making her hard defenses fall. His brown hair was carefully combed and his bandanna was tied around his neck instead of his forehead. "Why are you shutting the door?" Celes asks, half jokingly. Locke smiles. "Edgar's on another rampage and Sabin's making sure everyone is safe from it." The two giggle, knowing it's partially true. Locke looks towards the nightstand next to Celes and reaches for an object on it. "What is this here?" Locke asks. He eyebrows part, showing confusion. Celes eyes the piece of equipment in Locke's palm and snatches it from him. She caresses it as though it's a child. Locke's eyes widen slightly. "It's" Celes can't manage to say anything more of it. "Well?" Locke almost sounds impatient at the lack of a response. "It's an earring" She bows her head in shame, but Locke can't see why. "What's wrong? It's just an earring." "Not just an earring. It's General Leo's earring." Locke's lips part. "How did you" Before the sentence is finished, Celes is already remembering how

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It had been a quiet day and Celes was still feeling sorry for Leo's death.

It was all my fault, she kept thinking.

After consoling in Setzer, she managed to steal the new Falcon from him

Steal. Locke would've killed her for using that word.

She had treasure hunted the new Falcon for a short time. After fumbling through the control of the large ship, Celes managed her way to Thamasa. A small town that she never thought she'd want to go back to again. Almost everything seemed normal there.

Judging by the town's standard of normal.

After searching thoroughly, Celes managed to find the shining bit of gold she had wanted. A small half loop of sterling metal. It was extremely familiar.

Well, no kidding, after spending so much time in the Empire with him, I would think so.

After letting Locke think that he was her first love, she could neverâ€¦|

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Suddenly, Celes was snapped back into the present time. Locke's hands had a firm grip on her arms and he was shaking her harshly. She drew back from him.

"Celes, you looked a little dazed. Are you okay?" "Yeahâ€¦| I was just thinking about something." "What were you thinking about?" The door bursts open suddenly. Both Locke and Celes direct their attention to the door. In the doorway is Edgar Figaro, blonde hair tousled and his blue cloak entangled in itself.

"We're making a trip under the mountains," he says, quickly adding, "Good morning Celes." She gives a faint wave and he leaves. Locke turns to his new love. New love. How he'd never expected to say that again, as he fumbled around in his pocket aimlessly. "What are you looking for?" Celes inquired wearily. Locke's hand clenched around an object. He felt his way around the crevices to make sure it was the item he was looking for.

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I want to go tooâ€¦| Those words echoed in Locke's mind as he traversed into the darkened cave. Behind him, still confining his hand into hers, was Rachel. Her black hair fell and tickled the palm of her lover as she followed obediently behind Locke.

If only I had said noâ€¦|

The bridge was hardly sturdy enough to hold one person, so Locke asked Rachel to stay behind. He stepped slowly onto the first board of the bridge and could already foretell something bad was about to happen. He stepped out to the second board and smiled back at Rachel.

Why couldn't it be me?

Quickly heading towards one of the last boards, he felt the bridge quake violently. A small gasp emitted from his throat as he fell forward. The last thing he remembered was Rachel's slim hands thrusting him to the dusty cliff and her screams echoing in the black abyss.

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This time, it was Celes who was shaking Locke. He shook his head violently, trying to relinquish himself from the recurrence. Celes' worried look sends shivers down his spine and he walked towards the door.

"You haven't let go," Celes says solemnly, "Have you?" Locke stops short of the door. "Haven't let go of what?" he asks. There isn't an ounce of worry in his voice. "Rachel." "I could never let go of her,

Celes." Celes looks away spitefully. Of course he couldn't, she thinks harshly. "But I love you nowâ€|" Her head snaps to meet his eyes. "Really?" she asks, "I mean, you looked for the legendary Phoenix for her. I would thinkâ€|" Locke answers her question by gently brushing his lips against hers. She had always loved when he had did that.

End
file.